A REVOLUTION IN DRESS

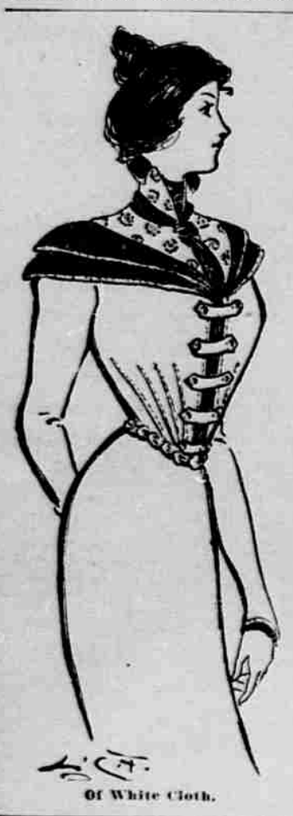
French Women Threaten Radical Changes in Modes.

The New Sleeve Must Be Transparent When Afternoon Functions Begin—Actresses, Like Fashionable Women, Are Abjuring Jewels. Some Charming New Toilettes.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—"Do you know," said Mrs. Van Knickerbocker solemnly as a lull fell upon the conversation about the luncheon table. "I think we are on the eve of a great revolution in dress. Women coming home from Paris tell me the strangest tales about the corset of the future that the Parisian elegantes are already wearing. The leading modistes advocate them and I have seen some gowns lately, worn by women of unquestioned authority in the matter of clothes, that have their upper widths gathered across the back and hips with all the fullness the goods will allow."

"I am sorry to hear that," twittered Maisie from her end of the table, where she sat picking daintily all the bits of mushroom from her patte of chicken. "The present fashions suit me entirely, and to my eyes the modern skirt does more to make stout women appear slender, to transform angular women into gracious sylphs and to give height to the short and dignity to the tall. Added to all these virtues, there never was a time like the present for utilizing odds and ends, pretty bits of left over silk and trifles of fur and embroidery in the make-up of really attractive and useful little waists.

"You would all, I am sure, open your eyes," she continued, "if you learned for how little and from what mere scraps some of my most fetching waists are made. Last week, for example, I was billed to read a paper before our club every other Wednesday morning with Shakespeare. It's a club, you know, and we are profoundly studying the tragedies this winter. Now, it is easy enough I find to write a paper on the political condition of Rome in the day of Brutus, but it is quite another matter to stand reading for twenty minutes before a crowd of perfectly 'rocked and awfully critically women in some old costume you've already worn a dozen times this season. One must wear something that will at once hold the attention of the audience, and command their respect.



Of White Cloth.

"Well, I bent my whole energies to the evolution of a feature for wear, not only when I am hostess for the club, but when obliged to look my best on days at home, at the theatre and even at the opera when a decollete frock is not necessary. The foundation of my achievement is anyone of my simple skirts ranging from a white silk one to a pretty cloth thing in the popular shade or turquoise blue. My waist is made of cloth, cream white and fitted to the figure, not by darts, but the new French fashion of drawing down and stitching flat, in tiny tucks converging to the belt, all the fullness about the waist line at back and front.

"Back from the shoulders," Maisie chattered on, "fall double cape revers faced with red silk and edged with gilt cord, and these revers expose the collar and shoulders covered with a piece of Persian patterned embroidery in which gilt and red are the prevailing motifs. A four-inch band of red velvet runs about the base of the collar, knots under the chin, and its long ends pass down to the waist line under a series of five little white cloth straps that fasten over the bust with gilt buttons. Now, for the remarkable inexpensiveness of this charming waist I really deserve no credit, for my dressmaker did it all out of bits left over from other gowns, and I must confess my paper on Rome went off beautifully."

"Maisie you are a genius," sighed Mrs. Van Knickerbocker with sincerity. "You strong-minded women so often are, and I will say it for the advanced woman that some of them can dress with amazing taste. Now, there is Dr. Grace Peckham Murray. In spite of the fact that she has an office full of patients every day, when her afternoon at home was to be celebrated last week she stood up to the social exactions of life in a charming cream Liberty satin gown that was a just cause for envy. Her skirt was simple, had a mere relieving fold about the bottom, and the waist, laid in the most curious and interesting series of pleats, showed beneath each pleat a merely suggested line of turquoise blue."

"Charming," murmured the hostess. "Simplicity is with many women the order of the day now, and in spite of every temptation to stray after other idols dear old turquoise blue keeps it strong hold. I too have been to a tea recently and the two smartly got up women who received together wore both the most faultlessly demure little costume possible. One adopted a cloth skirt in gray with not so much as a decorative tuck on it and the back was laid in two broad box pleats stitched down on their folded edges for twenty-five or thirty inches beyond the waistband. A full soft blouse of gray Liberty satin was utilized with this, its flat neck band, elbow sleeve cuffs and belt made of white satin ribbon overlaid with cream colored lace and edged with mere pipings of brown fur. A perfect Quaker gown and not a jewel in evidence.

"The other young matron by the door displayed her lissom figure to exquisite advantage in a pale green poplin skirt having a top of heavy ecru lace through the mesh of which the green showed well. One half of the waist was made of lace over green poplin while the yoke and sleeves were of polish tan chiffon. A moss green velvet belt and big knot of the same in the hollow of the right shoulder variegated the colors well and then there were three wee folds of green velvet holding the lace fronts together over the bust with tiny rhinestone buttons.

"I've been nosing about lately in the realms of good dressing and I've come to see that the smart sleeve has a cap of goods that fits over the arm half way to the elbow and from under this comes out the transparent arm case that goes to the elbow and ends without a cuff. At the theatre last week I observed Hilda Spong in the new play wear a particularly fetching gown of Lex lace with lace caps, as I have mentioned, coming half way from shoulder to elbow and then shirred tan chiffon covered her arms to the wrists.

"Her first-act gown was a dream, a dream in pure zinc grey satin faced crepe de chine covered with embroidery in zinc grey beads. Her train was all fluffy beneath with grey chiffon and many strings of beads formed her shoulder straps. I see she is an actress open to impressions, for throughout the play she wore not a jewel. She has been observing our smart women lately, who have temporarily at least abjured strings of pearls and precious stones to let their good looks shine by the radiance of their own bright eyes."

"Still there is plenty of bejeweling done to one's garments nowadays," put in Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, "and when it's done well it is the prettiest decoration in the world. I've just achieved out of my inner consciousness and with the help of my sewing woman a little copy of a tea jacket that enchaned my attention and admira ion when worn by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid the other morning. Hers was of creamy lace over rosy Liberty tissue, a long-sleeved blouse with Louis Sixteenth coat of darkly blue brocade upon it. Mine is done over from an old ball dress, and is white lace upon lilac silk linings, while my coat is of the deepest rose color brocaded in white. The coat fronts do not meet over the bust, but are held together by three groups of triple jet chains suspended between rhinestone buttons and three jet chains drop over the tops of my long close-fitting lace sleeves. With a dark trained skirt I can readily wear this afternoons, at tea time, and the whole thing costs a quite infinitesimal sum."

A MILLION MATINEE GIRLS.

Some Valuable Statistics as to Their Habits.

There are a million matinee girls in the United States a fiend for statistics has estimated. In the course of a theatrical season, he says, they eat as much candy of various kinds as would fill eighteen of the largest freight cars; the money they spend on theatre tickets in a single winter would pay the salary of the President for one whole Administration; the lines they go to form at various times before the box office when a star is shining in his or her orbit if all put together would reach in close penitentiary file from Buffalo to Chicago and the tears they weep would make a very satisfactory sprinkle in a summer's drought.

Having brought together all these invaluable estimates the statistician very properly assumes that without the matinee girl the theatrical business wouldn't be worth tuppence in this country and that because of her we have the best lighted, ventilated, decorated heated, and admirably equipped stage and the most prosperous theatrical management in the world.

There is a popular impression abroad that the women who resort to the theatre for the chiefest amusement of their lives, go to adore the leading man, but a Frenchman who has been traveling in this country and publishing his impressions in a Parisian daily, stands witness to the fact that no heroes of romance ever received the honest, wholesale and practically zealous devotion that the feminine audiences in America shower on Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Carter or Annie Russell. For once in a way a Frenchman drew a just conclusion from his observations in our country and every one of these actresses owes her power to the special influence she exerts upon those of her own sex.

Julia Marlowe does it largely with her gifts for weeping. In and out of the profession she is recognized as the most infallible tear compeller on the stage. She forces her audiences to shed no perfunctory b-nies that when wiped stealthily away leave not a trace, but when her own sobs rise as a signal the women from gallery to orchestra break into a general good hard cry that shakes pompadours to their foundations, knocks back combs from their moorings and renders the prettiest nose in the world a brother to a beet in size and color.

An interesting development of late in the matinee girl is that she is not ashamed to cry over her heroine, and come away bearing traces of the conflict with her feelings, just as this winter she has developed the habit of going out between the acts to snatch a sustaining snack of something at the nearest confectioner's. Maccaroons washed down with boiling hot chocolate into a cup of which a great lump of vanilla ice cream is dropped is the favorite between-the-acts bracer. It is technically known as a "consoler" and has been found of infinite value to the women who stand in lines hours at a time in order to purchase those seats most envied of the matinee girl, the front row chairs in the gallery or balcony. These places are more coveted than anything short of the first row in the orchestra, for from them and them alone a complete view of the stage can be commanded and with her elbows on the rail her chin in her hands and her eyes fascinated by the tableaux, the whole-souled admirer of the leading man can drink in the love scenes without interruption.

How to Clean Ribbons.

Now that ribbons are so extensively worn it is quite worth while to know how to clean them successfully and easily.

The two methods here given have been put to the practical test many times over, so there need be no hesitancy about trying either one through fear of failure or of unsatisfactory results.

The first method is exceedingly simple and answers the purpose for all except white ribbons or those that are very badly mussed. Fill a glass fruit jar about half full of gasoline—more or less, according to the amount of ribbon to be cleaned. Place the soiled ribbons in it—all colors, lengths, and kinds may go in at once—and screw the cover on tightly. Shake the bottle occasionally and leave it closed for from two to six hours or over night. Then take out the ribbons, shake each one well and hang it to dry in the open air. The ribbons will be clean, and the dirt will be found in the bottom of the jar. Of course, the ribbons need a thorough airing and sun bath to remove the odor of the gasoline, but that is all. No pressing is required, as the gasoline does not affect them as water would.

The clear gasoline should be poured off without disturbing that at the bottom; then the dirt which was settled at the bottom should be emptied out, and the clear gasoline put back, ready for use another time. Keep it tightly covered, and, of course, never use it near a fire, because of the danger of its igniting.

The gasoline will turn white ribbons yellow, so this method is not advisable for them. It also leaves the ribbons in the same condition that it found them as regards their being mussed or crumpled, so those that are badly creased should be given the treatment that is accorded the white ribbons.

Prepare a suds of soft water and any pure soap, wash the ribbon in this, just as you would wash a fine handkerchief, rinse, and let it partially dry. Take it down while still damp in all parts and roll it smoothly over a wide card or piece of pasteboard, rolling a piece of clean white muslin with it. Wrap the muslin around last, so that the ribbon shall be covered, and place the whole under a heavy weight. A letter press is an excellent place in which to press it. Leave it until it shall have had time to dry. The muslin will absorb the moisture.

The ribbon will come out looking fresh and clean and will have lost none of its "life," as is the case with ribbons which are pressed with an iron.

Paris Fashions.

Illustrated by Felix Fournery

Ball Costumes designed by Robert and Doucet of Paris

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PARIS, Jan. 11.—These huge floral motifs which the eye encounters everywhere about the wardrobe of the fashionable woman may be exaggerated, but there is no gainsaying that they are exceedingly chic and they impart that elegant conspicuity to a toilette which is the aim of both dressmaker and weaver. In streets gowns the conventional floral arabesques are usually cut out of the cloth and underlaid with silk or satin of a contrasting shade upon which they are appliqued with rows of silk stitchings; on evening and house gowns they are formed by artistic embroideries in natural shades and embellished by metal thread or jet or spangles, or they are fashioned of the gossamer web of fairy-like lace, which has taken patient and expert fingers weeks to weave; or of the grosser, but not less effective, hand and machine-made guipures. Both modes of decoration are illustrated in two exquisite models fresh from the famous workshops of Robert and Doucet.

The Robert gown is very simple in form. The skirt is clinging with a slight flare below the knees and closes at the back under a deep box pleat. The material is a rich soft faille of a shimmering ivory shade and it is made up over a well-fitting drop-skirt of ivory taffeta finished with a deep ruffle of finely pleated ivory liberty silk. No additional undershirt is permitted for fear of spoiling the carefully observed contours. The decorative border is most attractive. It consists of a conventional poppy design, the flowers of which are cut out of ivory velvet and appliqued and embroidered with gold thread. The leaves are of various shades of sage green panne velvet appliqued and embroidered with gold thread like the flowers. The stems are made of brilliantly cut jet beads and supply that touch of black which so greatly relieves the delicate coloring and the soft ivory ground. The hem of the garment consists of a narrow bias fold of ivory silk, which while making an excellent finish to the skirt, is at the same time a practical device for saving the delicate silk from its disastrous contact with the waxed floor. The narrow bias strip when soiled can easily be supplied by another, thus protecting the skirt from the speedy bedraggled appearance which is so often the source of discontent to a dainty woman.

The tight bodice of ivory silk closes invisibly in the left underarm seam and forms a short point at the back and in front. The same floral design decorates the front and back, and an exquisite finish is attained on the deep decollette by the drapery of folded black tulle, which also falls over the shoulders in lieu of the sleeve, and is caught at the front and back by a sunburst of brilliants. Narrow shoulder bands of cut jet hold the bodice in place, and around the neck is worn a triple string of pearls with a diamond clasp. The long gloves of white suede reach to the shoulder draperies and are stitched with white silk.

The Doucet costume is more elaborate. It will be worn by Mlle. Paula Andrae in a new play next month. The tight foundation consists of pastel blue silk and is covered with two deep knife-pleated flounces of white mousseline de soie, each edged with a ruching of the same gossamer material. The tunic which falls in deep points is of white mousseline and fits the figure closely by means of innumerable gores, the seams of which are inserted with narrow bands of finely cut jet and pastel blue beads. A narrow ruching of mousseline borders the points. The floral motif comes into play here also. It is formed of Brussels lace and extends in delicate tendrils along one side of the tunic.

The blouse bodice of white mousseline de soie is tight at the back and has a deep point in front. It is draped on pastel blue silk lining, faultless in fit, and has the same insertions of cut jet and blue beads which characterize the tunic. There is a tiny bolero of white mousseline de soie richly appliqued with flowers of Brussels lace and finished with triple bias folds of pastel blue mousseline de soie. Jet bands form shoulder straps, and the hair ornament consists of a Diana crescent of brilliants.

Ball gowns are nothing if not decollette, which hardly detracts from their beauty, but reminds the interested observer of the well-known anecdote about a famous beauty and a famous wit. She simulated the costume of a sea nymph; all sea green gauze and water lilies and strings of pearls and flowing seaweed; and, presenting herself before his judgment demanded his opinion. He smiled approvingly upon her explanation of her fancy costume, and gazing admiringly at the scarcity of drapery above, added, "At low tide, madame!"

FELIX FOURNERY.

TWO PRETTY STYLES.

WOMEN SUCCEED AS CHEMISTS.

They Are Doing Valuable Work All Over the Country.

One of the first women in this country to make experiments in chemistry collected gases in bottles and used a waterpail as a trough, teaching the district school between times. Later, as a special favor, she was admitted to the laboratory of a professor, who favored her appeal in order that she might rehearse his lessons, step by step, for the advantage of a brother, who was blind. This brother was Edward Livingston Youmans, the eminent writer, lecturer, and simplifier of science for the people. He attributed much of his success to his sister's apt explanations and untiring devotion.

This was all more than forty years ago. Since that time scores of women have mastered chemistry in its various branches and put that knowledge to use for their own benefit and not their brothers. Some have taken special university courses, it being fifteen years now since the more liberally constituted universities extended their privileges to women. Other women chemists picked up their information by hand-to-hand contact with the work in chemists' shops and professors' laboratories having no diploma other than efficiency and practical service.

Some women are chemists by association, their fathers or brothers having been long identified with business founded on chemical processes, and they in turn having familiarized themselves with the work when occasion demanded. The woman who has five flourishing dyeing shops in a big city is one of them; also the women who are makers and bottlers of mineral and medicinal waters (a half dozen of whom may be cited), the woman who conducts a large cider and vinegar mill, and her prosperous compeer who excels in pickles and preserves made by her own recipes, secret formulas that have descended to her through generations of pickle makers. There are women as versed in the confectioner's mysteries as men are, and who are as quick to adapt the new discoveries and facilities of science to attaining unique results.

All this can be proved by making a tour of the different business plants, but a few women are born experimenters and delight in chemistry for its own sake. These analyze plants, metals, soils, and compounds with the same zest that their sister women feel for matters purely personal. There is a New Orleans girl of this mental pattern now taking an after-degree course in laboratory work at Barnard College.

She was a Ph. D. two years ago, but came back to this term with special intent to study the nature and properties of cottonseed and cottonseed oil in their relation to farm economy. This young scientist considers agriculture as the most noble, useful, and universal of human pursuits. She was reared among the cotton and sugar-cane interests of Louisiana and is devoting herself to research and experiment in the matter of soils and native chemical agents at an age when most girls just freed from college tasks, and who have means to pursue their own bent, are going in for society and social diversions.

At another woman's college is a young graduate so engrossed in the study of physics that even after her marriage, which has occurred within the year, she has come back to the workroom for the special course which her professors recommended.

The woman chemist who has been the most signal influence for artistic effort in this country and who has given work to many younger experimenters is the founder and originator of the Rookwood pottery in Cincinnati. It was her personal knowledge of the native clays and their possibilities that gave stimulus to the project. No one city has as many working women chemists as Cincinnati, although there are some in Pittsburg and other manufacturing centres.

A chemist who travels all over the union in the brewers' interests tells of women who are working in that branch of chemists' processes. And these are not altogether such unlettered women as own and run some little lager brewing saloon in crude, isolated localities, but women who have acquired their knowledge in educated circles and are working in the big brewers plants in the larger towns, quite as a matter of course. It could never do in speaking of women chemists to leave out the New Jersey girl who has made a special study of poisons, their antidotes and promotions. She is a blue-eyed blonde, with delicate features and gentle manners, but as versed in serums and death-dealing potions as ever a Borgia's daughter was, or any Indian squaw familiar with baneful juices in which to dip her warrior's arrow tips. When antitoxin was first being experimented with as a preventive for diphtheria, this young woman, then newly graduated from a Berlin institute, was the right hand assistant of the professor conducting the work. She helped make the bacilli cultures and personally administered the trial doses to the guinea pigs, which were kept on hand for preliminary experiment.

A chemist who acquired proficiency in a very different school is Miss Josie Wanous of Minneapolis. She is a prosperous manufacturer of pharmacists' goods, both for use in her prescriptive department, and in her stock of toilet preparations, lotions, creams, powders, etc. Her five years' business success has made her known to the dealers in chemists' supplies and she is held up as an example of what a woman can achieve in their particular line. Miss Wanous is only twenty-eight years old, was born in a log cabin several miles from Glencoe, Minn., had no other education than that obtained in the town high school, and is a self-made business woman in every sense. She is of Bohemian origin, and it was through acquaintance with her native language that she first became interested in pharmacy. As a very young girl she was employed as interpreter and bookkeeper in the village drug store. The different colors, signs, and shapes of the vials and jars on the shelves interested her, and being naturally of an investigative turn she gradually acquired knowledge of the contents of these vials, the simples they were composed from, what uses they filled, how much and how often such potions should be administered for certain complaints.

Her curiosity grew with what it fed on, she was led to study, and investigation outside of business hours, and eventually set up for herself, which venture has assumed its present prosperous aspect. She boasts that neither patents, cigars, nor soda water are listed in her stock; that her business wins solely on its merits, and that, although she came to it in such a humble, simple way, she enjoys it thoroughly, and finds something new to interest her every day. There is a rival woman pharmacist in her own town, who graduated at a regular school of pharmacy, and also does well, but on less original lines. There is a woman chemist making researches and experiments in an American manufacturer's interests, she having studied under a professor connected with the dyeing departments of Saxony's famous technical schools. Several women embalmers employed in an undertaking establishment studied chemistry in the abstract before taking up embalming. One woman chemist is doing good work in a big starch manufactory, and several have invented formulas for soaps and laundry powders, while others are manufacturing botanic medicines or experimenting with foodstuffs and the essences of extracts of curative value.

Brocade and Lace.

Mrs. Fair's $10,000 Sable.

A beautiful cape of Russian sable has just been completed for Mrs. Charles L. Fair. Its purchase price was $10,000, and it was a Christmas present from her husband, says the "San Francisco Examiner." All sable is costly, but there is one kind that excels all the rest in the softness and silkiness of its fur and in the rich chocolate brown of its hue. It is also distinguished by a silver tip which gives to its surface a character and beauty all its own. Among 10,000 sables, perhaps but two of this kind will be found. That is why it took two years to collect the thirty sables that compose Mrs. Fair's superb cape.

When Mr. Fair gave the order for the cape it was with the proviso that if in the meantime the Fairs could find a garment of equal richness elsewhere the contract could be canceled. No other furrier however, was able to duplicate the cape.

It is suitable for theatre or carriage wear, is twenty-two inches in length, with stoles reaching to the knees, and trimmed with tails. The collar is high, the revers wide, the lining of cream-white satin, with a deep flounce of exquisite Duchesse lace finishing the lower half of the lining. So skillfully are the furs sewn and so perfect the continuation of color that it is impossible to find any trace of joining.

NOBLE LADIES OF PRAGUE

Facts About the Proudest Religious Order in the World.

Founded by an Empress—Its Abbess Must Be of the Imperial House—No Candidate Admitted Unless She Can Prove Sixteen Quarterings of Nobility—The Worldy Privileges.

Of the many who visit Carlsbad comparatively few break their journey at the quaint old city on the Moldau, that crowned by the Hradschin, rules the river like a queen. Yet Prague is one of the most beautiful towns in Europe, whether as regards situation or architecture. The Karls Brucke alone is worth the journey, that wonderful bridge with its thirty groups of statuary. At one point is inserted in the parapet a slab of marble having in the centre a small double-armed cross of brass. This the wayfarers touch as they pass, at the same time uncovering, for it marks the spot whence John Nepomucen was hurled for refusing to betray the secrets of the confessional.

The whole place teems with historic interest. It has known sieges and tumults, plague and famine, religious strife and the war of contending political parties; yet today in the sunlight, its market place crowded with gaily clad peasants from Moravia, Pilsen, and Taus, it looks as peaceful as if the call to arms had never resounded through its narrow streets. One feels inclined to envy the Stifts Damen, the Noble Ladies of Prague, who live amidst scenes hallowed by so many memories, and with which the families of more than one have been identified in the past. The Secular Canonesses of Prague belong to the proudest religious order in Europe. To their ranks no maiden is admitted who cannot prove on both sides sixteen quarterings of nobility. It was founded by the Empress Maria Theresa, and has had ever since for its abbess a daughter of the Imperial house.

Intended as a provision for the "penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree," its rules are not of the strictness to be found in less aristocratic associations. Its members are free to marry—if they get a good offer—and though they are required to spend a certain number of months annually in the Royal Palace of the Hradschin, they are allowed to visit when they like, to receive visits and to seek change of air in summer. Each canoness has at her disposal a carriage and horses, and a box at the theatre, while medical attendance and drugs are provided. In addition she receives a pension of over 100 guldens a month, or about $45.

While Marie Theresa's foundation affords a retreat for many girls of high birth, but of limited means, it must not be taken that all the members are impecunious. To belong to the Stifts is esteemed an honor. A sister of the present Count Taaffe, (one of the many Austrian nobles of Irish descent), the Countess Walbburga Clementina Taaffe, was a canoness. At the present day Count Taaffe's own daughter is numbered amongst the members of the community.

Among those who have held the post of Abbess have been the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and the present Queen Regent of Spain, who governed the order until her marriage in 1885. The present Abbess is the youthful Archduchess Marie Annunciata, or to give her full name, Marie Annunciata Adelaide Theresa Michaela Caroline Louise Pia. She is the daughter of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, brother to the Emperor of Austria, by his third wife, the Princess Maria Theresa of Braganza, and was born at Reichenau on the 31st of July, 1876. On her investiture in 1895, she was consequently only nineteen years of age, but she bore herself with the dignity of a mature woman.

The immediate predecessor of the present abbess was the Archduchess Maria Immaculate, who was born in 1869 at Alt Munster and resigned office when on the 30th of May, 1894, she married Prince August Leopold of Saxe Coburg-Gotha.

The investiture of an abbess is a solemn religious ceremony. She received at the hands of the Archbishop an ermine mantle and the insignia of her office, a gold cross and a crozier resembling that carried by bishops and mitred abbots. A royal crown is at the same time placed on her head by the reigning abbess as a reminder that she is of royal birth and exercises royal jurisdiction. Students will remember that in England abbesses formerly sat in Parliament, and in Anglo-Saxon times numbered among them more than one remarkable woman.

The Canonesses of Prague are obliged to don their distinctive garb only eight times a year, on great festivals. Like their abbess, they wear on these occasions a black silk gown and an ermine-trimmed mantle, but the fur is narrower than on hers. Across the chest a blue ribbon is displayed. On the head is worn a Marie Stuart cap with long pendant tulle veil. The Stifts Damen are privileged to appear at the Austrian Court attired in black. Our illustrations in the portraits of the Countess Lazansky and the Baroness Skrbinsky show the distinction between the costume of private members and that of the abbess.

Besides the private apartments allotted to each lady in the Hradschin or Royal Palace at Prague, two fine reception rooms with parauet floorings and lofty windows are placed at the general disposal for large gatherings. These contain portraits of former abbesses painted on their resignation. In one of these saloon stands a curious fire screen embroidered delicately by poor Marie Antoinette with flowers in silk. From the balcony there is a beautiful outlook on the city beneath, with its slopes, its innumerable towers, the winding Moldau, and the height of Weissberg beyond.

One of the obligations of the ladies who are so comfortably endowed for life is to pray for the soul of their founder. This they do in the adjoining Cathedral of Saint Vitus, remarkable for the huge mausoleum of Saint John Nepomucen in solid silver, containing a silver coffin enclosing a second in crystal, in which are his remains. At the end of the choir is the hereditary burial place of the Kings of Bohemia. Beneath a monument of marble and alabaster lie twelve monarchs with their queens. The last to be buried there was Rodolph II in 1612. Close by is a second church dedicated to Saint George, and adorned by fine dog tooth moldings. It contains the crown of Saint Wenceslas, which has been worn only by the Emperor Ferdinand II (The Good) since Bohemia became an appanage of Austria. That it should be once more placed upon the head of his ruler is the desire of every trueborn Czech.

Mrs. Rider Haggard.

Few writers have been more loyally and sympathetically sustained in their work than Rider Haggard, who married the winsome daughter of Major Margitson, a Norfolk neighbor, when he was a stripling of twenty-four years, without any thought of literary fame, says the "Kansas City Journal." The wooing and wedding were the episode of a short holiday, and he took his brave young wife to Natal to share with him the exciting and dangerous times that led to the crowning disaster of Majuba Hill. Those were days of terrible suspense for the young wife, for she lived amid daily alarms and actually heard from her homestead the sounds of battle from Majuba Hill. No contrast could be greater than between those early days of danger and the quiet of her Norfolk home, to which Mr. Haggard brought her when the war was ended. He is ideally happy in the beautiful home of her girlish days, with her husband and children. Mrs. Haggard, who is a woman of considerable personal charms, with brown eyes and hair and gentle features, takes the keenest interest in all her husband's work, has a passion for botany, and is equally fond of horseriding and travel.